FRONTISPIECE.

Sect. XXXVI.

FRONTISPIECE.

Sect. XXXVI.

Socrates out of his Senſes:

OR,

DIALOGUES

OF

DIOGENES of *SINOPE.*

Inſani ſapiens; nomen ferat æquus iniqui
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.

Tranſlated from the *German* of WIELAND,
By Mr. WINTERSTED.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for T. DAVIES, in Ruſſel-Street, Covent-Garden.
MDCCLXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ ΜΑΙΝΟΜΕΝΟΣ.

SECTION XXX.

LAUGH with me, my good Xeniades! I have at once loſt my gueſt, and a diſciple.

The firſt night he ſpent in my grot, not a wink of ſleep could he get; Homer's Ulyſſes himſelf however, when he was caſt on the Phæacian ſhore, had not a better couch, than I prepared for him. It was eaſy to ſee, that this man was uſed to lie upon ſoft pillows and down-beds. A nightingale not far from

our cave enraptured me with her ſong. Hear, ſaid I, the ſweet ſongſtreſs, what a charming ſerenade ſhe gives us!—He heard nothing, or he felt nothing of what he heard.

The following morning we breakfaſted lightly on bramble-berries, which we gathered ourſelves in the thicket; I augmented the repaſt with a little piece of bread from my ſcrip. He found my breakfaſt indeed very light, and recollected with a ſigh the dainty fare of his happy condition, and the little probability of finding at night a better entertainment, than his breakfaſt.

I began to moralize with him; I proved to him, that a man in his preſent circumſtances might be the happieſt man in the world, as ſoon as he pleaſed to be ſo. He ſeemed to hear me with attention, and he found my reaſons not to be controverted; but they did not convince him.

him. In the midſt of this diſcourſe, we arrived at a place, where he diſcovered objects which intereſted him quite otherwiſe, than my philoſophy.

Not far from my cave was an old fiſherman's cottage. He had three young daughters, who in their ſimple dreſs ſeemed to my Athenian, a good connoiſſeur in forms, to deſerve ſo much attention as to be taken into a more exact examination. The girls were ſitting before the cottage under a tree, making nets. Bacchides found, that the eldeſt had arms like Juno, the ſecond a ſhape like a nymph, and the third a couple of very promiſing eyes. I had never diſcovered it.

Thou ſmileſt, Xeniades! have I ever concealed from thee one of my frailties? —The old fiſherman had a wife too, the mother of theſe girls, who in caſe of neceſſity would not have made a bad

Ceres; but at that time ſhe was not preſent.

In the evening Bacchides intreated me to conduct him to town. He ſeemed to make obſervations with the ſharp-ſightedneſs of a hawk, but he did not communicate them to me. Before I was aware of it, I loſt him from my ſide. Some time afterwards I ſaw him talking with a ſlave. He flew towards me, when he perceived me. I have made a diſcovery, ſaid he to me with an expreſſion of joy and hope, which once more brought life and colour into his countenance. And what is that diſcovery, ſaid I?—A young man, ſaid he, who loves pleaſure, or which is the ſame, who is a young man, deſigns to amuſe himſelf with his friends to-night, unknown to his father, a rich miſer.—He has ſent out a faithful ſlave to look for a convenient

venient place, but all thoſe places, which were propoſed, had their inconveniences.

"I told the ſlave I knew an excellent place; and now he is going to inform his maſter, who without doubt will give me an invitation."

Thou haſt been here but four and twenty hours, and know'ſt the opportunities already! May I aſk—

Why not? ſaid he. I hope thou wilt not be ſuch a fool, as to avoid an opportunity of ſatisfying thy hunger and amuſing thyſelf. The cottage of our fiſherman is big enough for our purpoſe. The old man is gone out, I don't know where, to ſell his fiſh. The girl with the promiſing eyes whiſpered to me, that he would not return till after to-morrow.

And where ſpokeſt thou with her, demanded I?

" I caught a moment, whilſt thou waſt repoſing on thy ſtraw at noon. The girls are as lively as the element, near which they were born, true nymphs, and I believe of the beſt natured kind; and the mother too ſeems not yet to have renounced all pleaſures.

Thou art a good obſerver, Bacchides, ſaid I, and now we have diſcovered thy talent. To procure opportunities in a place like Corinth is not ſo unprofitable a trade, and indeed the only one which is left for a man of thy kidney. I ſee thou ſtandeſt no more in need of my aſſiſtance; I will ſuffer thee to take thy courſe.—Farewell, Bacchides!—But I can ſcarce pardon thee, that by thy new-contrived intrigue thou robbeſt me of my country-houſe. It had ſuch a fair ſituation!—I muſt ſee it no more; for not every thing becoming Bacchides will ſit well upon Diogenes.

SECT.

SECT. XXXI.

—YES, Philomedon, I maintain it, the moſt miſerable water-carrier in Corinth is a more eſtimable man, than thyſelf!—I hope, thou wilt pardon me this freedom,—or ſhouldſt thou happen to grow angry at it, thou wilt give me leave not to care for it.

"That we ſhall ſee," ſaid Philomedon with a fierce look.

I have ſo little to loſe, young man, that it would not be worth while to be afraid of any body.—Fye, fye, why doeſt thou grow angry, when people tell thee the truth?

"Impudent fellow!"

Thou jokeſt, Philomedon; the truth of what I tell thee is ſo evident, that all thy ſelf-love cannot blind thee enough

to

to prevent thy ſeeing it; the water-carrier, how poor and miſerable a man ſoever he may be, is yet of ſome uſe to ſociety;—but of what uſe art thou?—Come, come, no childiſh airs; we will talk over this matter like friends.—Thou ſpendeſt every year thirty talents, which makes almoſt half a minæ for each day.—

"And thou art ſorry, thou canſt not do the ſame, Diogenes! is it not true?—Thou mightſt at leaſt have the run of my table, if thou wouldſt,—but thou art too proud for it."

Not too proud, Philomedon, but too great a lover of my eaſe. Since I have taſted the inconveniences of ſlavery, I would not exchange the happineſs of being my own maſter, for all the treaſures of Aſia.

"That is juſt my own ſentiment, Diogenes! I am rich, I enjoy my wealth,

wealth, and other people enjoy it with me. It procures me authority, and ſometimes influence too. I am not obliged to acquire, what fortune has freely given me. Why ſhould I not dare to be my own maſter as well as thou?"

The concluſion from me to thyſelf is not juſt. The difference between us is too great; thou draweſt from the ſtate thirty talents; I nothing.

"My revenues come not from the ſtate; they are my property."

Both go together. They are thy property, it is true, but only by virtue of that contract, which was agreed upon by the founders of the republic, when they undertook the firſt partition of goods. Thy forefathers received their part under this condition, that they ſhould be obliged to contribute to the welfare of the ſtate, as much as might be in their power.

This

This contract continues ſtill. A man, who draws advantages from the ſtate, owes it his ſervices.

" Perhaps thou reapeſt no advantages from the ſtate?"

What? for inſtance.

Thou liveſt, and thou canſt not live upon the air. Thou goeſt, where thou pleaſeſt with ſafety under the protection of the laws. Doeſt thou reckon that for nothing?"

It is ſomething, Philomedon, but it is however no more, than what the Corinthians abſolutely owe me. The leaſt I can aſk of them according to the law of nature, is *to live uninjured and untroubled*, at leaſt as long as I do them no miſchief.

" Why ſhould they not then owe me the ſame as thyſelf, without exacting more ſervices from one than the other?"

They do ſo; but thou wouldſt be very ill ſatisfied, if they would grant thee no more.

more. Thou haſt yet infinitely more of them. Other men are obliged to cultivate thy lands, others muſt keep thy flocks, others muſt work in thy manufactories, others muſt weave the cloaths thou weareſt, others the carpets thou layeſt in thy rooms, others muſt prepare thy meals, others muſt plant the vines, of which thou drinkeſt; in ſhort all thy wants—(and how many haſt thou not?)—are provided for by others; thou alone lieſt down and doeſt nothing,—nothing in the world but eat, drink, dance, kiſs, ſleep and iſſue thy commands;—and all this by virtue of thy thirty talents, to which thou haſt no other right, than that, which the *ſocial contract*, and the civil laws reſulting from it, give thee;—a right, which as I told thee, ſuppoſes on thy ſide certain duties, the nature of which thou haſt perhaps never in thy whole life taken into ſe-

ſerious a conſideration, as thy bill of fare, about which thou conſulteſt every morning with thy ſteward.

"It ſeems to me, Diogenes! thou forgetteſt, that every thing other people do for me, is done either by ſlaves, whom I feed for it, or by free men, whom I pay for it."

Thou art very far from extricating thyſelf from the difficulty by this argument, my good Philomedon! ——Who gives thee a right, to look upon men, who *by nature* are thy equals, as upon thy property?——*The laws* thou wilt ſay,—but certainly not the law of nature, but laws, which owe their force preciſely to that expreſſed or implied contract, upon which is founded the whole civil conſtitution. For, is it not this, which forces thy ſlaves to an obedience, which they would ſoon renounce, were they not bridled by ſuch a formidable power?

power?—And canſt thou thyſelf not imagine, that among all theſe *free-born* men, who perform thy work for hire, there may be a ſingle one, who would not chooſe rather to ſave himſelf that trouble, did not urgent wants and the deſire of growing rich make them thy voluntary ſlaves? Doeſt thou not believe that the greateſt part of them, inſtead of earning from thee by the hard labour of many days ſcarcely the ten thouſandth part of thy revenues, would not much rather lie upon a voluptuous couch between the ſmiling Venus and Bacchus the giver of joys, and for the thirty talents, which they receive every year without the leaſt pains—(for, this too thou leaveſt to thy ſtewards)—let ten thouſand people work for them?——Yes, there is no doubt, that the greateſt part of them, if they dared, would make the ſimple reflexion, that they might ſpare themſelves that trou-

trouble, if they ſhould combine to invade thy poſſeſſions. What elſe ſecures thee againſt this danger, beſides the civil policy, and the protection of the laws, on the maintenance of which all the validity of the contract, *I work for thee on condition thou payeſt me*, depends?—And ſuppoſe too, thou ſhouldſt have no violence to fear, theſe ſame people, with whom for a ſmall part of thy money thou exchangeſt neceſſities, conveniences and pleaſures, would ſell thee their merchandiſes or their works at ſo high and exceſſive a rate, that thy thirty talents would ſcarcely be ſufficient for the demands of one week,—were it not moreover an effect of policy, that the prices of labour and merchandiſes do not depend on the arbitrary will of handicrafts-men and merchants.—— Confeſs then, Philomedon, that from the civil ſociety, of which thou art a member, thou reapeſt

ſo

ſo great, ſo eſſential advantages, that without them all the gold of King Midas, would be of little ſervice to thee. But if that be true, we want no other demonſtration, that the firſt porter of Corinth you meet with, has more merit than thyſelf. For, he works for the good of the community for the pitiful ſupport it furniſhes him. Thou on the contrary, to whom the community gives thirty talents to ſpend yearly, thou doeſt nothing for it, or at leaſt all thy merit with reſpect to the ſtate is *the merit of a drone*, which conſumes the beſt part of the honey painfully collected by the laborious bees, without doing any thing for it, except giving young inhabitants to the ſtate;—and permit me to tell thee, thou wouldſt not do even this, did not the charms of pleaſure influence thee more efficaciouſly than the ſentiment of thy du-

ties towards ſociety.—Let us ſuppoſe one caſe more, Philomedon, which is ſo very poſſible, that we are not ſure one hour, of not ſeeing it happen.—Ten thouſand men have undoubtedly nineteen thouſand and eight hundred arms more than a hundred men. Now nothing is more certain, than that for each hundred of thy order in all Achaia, there are at leaſt, ten thouſand, who would rather gain than loſe by a change of government. Suppoſe then, theſe ten thouſand men took it once into their heads to calculate the number of their arms, and the ſum of their calculation were, that they made uſe of their ſuperiority to drive you other rich people out of your poſſeſſions, and to undertake a new partition? When the republick is extinguiſhed, the ſtate of nature revives; all things return to their original equality, and—in ſhort, thy portion would not be greater, than that of the honeſt artiſan,

who

who makes thy ſhoes. This ſmall circumſtance alone would drive thee to the neceſſity either of working, or—of living on the pittance of Diogenes;—and perhaps the one would ſeem as ſtrange to thee, as the other.

It is true, I have ſuppoſed a caſe, which, however poſſible it may be, is nevertheleſs for many reaſons not much to be apprehended. But are there no other caſes, by which thou mighteſt be deprived of thy wealth? Do we not ſee daily inſtances of ſuch events? and how wouldſt thou in ſuch a caſe ſhift for thyſelf?—

Then it is clear, that thy inutility is as great an evil to thyſelf, as injuſtice to the ſtate, to which for the advantages thou reapeſt from it thou remaineſt indebted for proportionable ſervices, without troubling thyſelf, how thou mayeſt pay thy debts.——In ſhort, we may turn

the caſe which way we will, the compariſon between thee and the water-carrier is always in favour of the laſt.

SECT. XXXII.

"WITH all this, Diogenes, wouldſt thou chooſe rather to be a water-carrier, than to be Philomedon?"

To tell thee the truth, I wiſh to be neither the one nor the other.

"But as thou art ſo violent an advocate for equality, why requireſt thou ſo much from me, and nothing at all from thyſelf?—I cannot ſee, wherein thou ſerveſt the ſtate; thou exerciſeſt neither art nor trade; thou doſt neither cultivate nor plant, thou haſt no employment; thou doſt nothing at all, not even ſo much, as thou haſt allowed myſelf to do; thou art even a drone in the

commonwealth. How wilt thou juſtify *thy own* inutility?"

People owe no more to any man, than they require of him. Of the Corinthians, and of all Greeks and Barbarians taken together, I deſire no more, than as I told thee, that they ſuffer me to live. And for that reaſon I owe them no more. I have no poſſeſſions, I have no revenues, I want no protection; I don't ſee then, what Corinth, or any other particular ſociety in the world could require from me.

"At leaſt, Sinope, thy native town has ſome claim to thy ſervices."—

Juſt as much as Babylon, or Carthage. —When nature had determined that I ſhould be born, it was neceſſary it ſhould be ſomewhere; the place itſelf was quite indifferent. The lords of Sinope would have been very unpolite, to refuſe my mother, who was an honeſt woman, the

liberty of disburthening herself of me within their walls.

"But thou wast educated at Sinope.—Is education no advantage?"—

Upon supposition it be good; but I cannot boast very much of my own. I was properly educated at Athens by Antisthenes; but that does not oblige me to greater gratitude towards the Athenians; for he got no more by them, than I do by the Corinthians. The rest, and to say the truth, the best part I owe to myself and my own experience.

"But were not thy fore-fathers citizens of Sinope? Why should not a country have the first claim upon its citizens?"

Upon its citizens? undoubtedly.—But birth does not make me citizen of a particular state, if I will not be so. Nature sends her children into the world, free, independant, with the same rights and duties, without any other connexion,

ex-

except that *natural one* with thoſe, who gave us life, and the *ſympathetic*, by which ſhe attracts men to men. The civil relations of my parents cannot deprive me of my natural right. No body has a right to force me to part with it, as long as I make no pretenſions to the advantages of any particular ſociety. In ſhort, it depends upon my choice, whether I will live like a citizen of a particular ſtate, or like a *citizen of the world.*

"And what doſt thou call a *citizen of the world?*"

A man like myſelf,—who, without entering into any particular connexion with any diſtinct ſociety, conſiders this globe as his native country, and all creatures, without taking any notice of the caſual difference ariſing from the ſituation, the climate, the way of living, the language, the manners, the policy and private concerns among them, as his

fellow-citizens, or rather as his brethren, who have a natural right to his aſſiſtance, when they ſuffer, to his compaſſion, when he cannot help them, to his good advice, when he ſees them go aſtray, to his congratulation, when they are happy in their exiſtence.

Prejudices, excluſive principles, avaritious views, all thoſe paſſions, which lead men to conſult only their own gratifications, are the uſual motives of our actions, as long as we look upon ourſelves as members of a particular ſociety, and make our happineſs depend on the opinion, which it forms of us. Even what in thoſe particular ſocieties people call *virtue*, is at *the tribunal of nature*, very often nothing but ſplendid vice; and he, to whom Athens and Sparta ſet up ſtatues, is perhaps in the annals of Argos and Megæra delivered to the abhorrence of poſterity as a violent and unjuſt man.

The

The citizen of the world alone is capable of a pure, impartial and genuine love towards mankind. His warm heart, as it is not debilitated by any private inclination, beats the ſtronger at every ſummons to any act of humanity and goodneſs. His inclination, his ſenſibility extend themſelves over all nature. With a kind of tenderneſs he contemplates the ſpring, which quenches his thirſt, and the tree, in whoſe ſhadow he lies, and the firſt, who ſits down by him, tho' he came even from the Garamantes, is his countryman,—and when his heart makes him eſtimable, his *friend*.

This way of thinking and feeling indemnifies him for the advantages he loſes by avoiding to engage himſelf in the paſſions and views of any particular ſociety.

As, except the neceſſaries which nature demands, he is accuſtomed to diſ-

penſe

penſe with every thing, which eaſe and pleaſure have made abſolutely neceſſary to the favourites of fortune, he finds no difficulty at all in living every where, without being troubleſome to any body; in caſe of neceſſity the labour of one day procures him the ſupport of a whole week; and the Corinthians, or Athenians will never be ſo unkind as to refuſe to a harmleſs man, who is in no body's way, a hut, or at leaſt a hollow tree for his lodging.

A citizen of the world, as I deſcribe him, is indeed not ſo uſeleſs a man, as it is commonly imagined. It is your own fault, if you don't employ him. He reaps no advantage from flattering, from ſeducing, from fortifying you in your follies; he gains nothing by your fall; who ſhould be fitter to tell you thoſe truths you ſtand the moſt in need of; knowing—and were you wiſe enough to

reliſh good advice, that would often be the moſt important ſervice, that could be done you.

Now that thou mayeſt not reproach thyſelf with having loſt thy time with me, I have a good mind, Philomedon, to give thee a little lecture to carry home with thee, which is worth at leaſt ten talents,—and of me thou canſt have it for nothing.

"Let us hear, Diogenes!"

Thou art at moſt five and thirty years old. Thou art not yet too old to become a ſolid man. Diſmiſs thoſe dull fellows, who admire all thou ſayeſt, and approve all thou doeſt, only to ſatisfy their hunger once, or twice in the week at thy table. Employ but the ſixth part of the day to get that knowledge, whereby thou mayeſt be uſeful to the commonwealth. As thou art one of its richeſt members, it imports thee more,

than

than a thouſand others, that the ſtate, from which thou reapeſt ſo great advantages, being a flouriſhing ſituation.—Or, if thou doſt not think thy head fit for it, conſider, that nature, who imparts her gifts, beauty, ſtrength, wit and genius, how and to whom ſhe pleaſes,—has left in our own power *the goodneſs of the heart*. A charitable uſe of thy wealth, —and—thou mayeſt find too many opportunities for it,—would gain thee the hearts of thy fellow-citizens, and make thy preſervation the object of the general wiſhes. What man would heſitate one ſingle moment to purchaſe ſo great an advantage with a poor handful of gold?

SECT.

SECT. XXXIII.

A Wiſe man *hates* nothing ſo little as *joy*.—Send thoſe gloomy, hollow-eyed hypocondriacks, who affirm the contrary, to Democritus or Hippocrates.—They don't want refutation, but they ſtand in need of hellebore and therapeutic potions.

Why ſhould we hate joy? What greater good have the Gods imparted to us? And why ſhould they after all have given us this tranſient exiſtence? —if it was not their idea, that we ſhould rejoice in it, with one another, they would have made us—to ſpeak ſincerely —a very indifferent preſent.

Wiſdom!——Virtue!——reſpectable names, which are ſo inſignificant in the mouths

mouths of the greateſt part of men!—What are you, but thou the ſureſt road to joy,—and thou enjoyment itſelf.

What is the object of the ſevereſt duties of the magiſtrates?—but to make the ſtate happy. And when they are happy enough, to procure it peace and ſecurity; when they encourage induſtry and arts, promote trade, honour ſciences, reward ſervices; when by wiſe inſtitutions they provide for the inſtruction of thoſe, in whom the dying ſtate is to revive; when they are ſollicitous for the health of the nation; when in time of abundance they prevent future want; when they conſtitute honeſt men officers and defenders of the laws; when they endeavour to make reaſon, manners, taſte and ſociability the objects of univerſal eſteem,—in ſhort, when they omit nothing that can be expected of the true fathers of their country;—and when they

they have wiſdom, power, good will and good fortune enough to execute all this in the higheſt degree of perfection imaginable,—that is to ſay, when they find it poſſible for them to remove from their children all evil, and to procure them the enjoyment of every good the Gods in general have imparted to mankind,—what have theſe magiſtrates done, but ſet ſome hundred thouſands or millions of men in a condition, *wherein they may enjoy their lives?*

The object of each public and particular virtue is the promotion of ſome good, and the prevention of ſome evil, or compenſation for it;—analize *good* and *evil*, the latter always ends in *pain*, and the former in *ſatisfaction*.

Why toils the laborious father of a family whole weeks together?—to enjoy with his domeſtics all the pleaſures of a holy-day.—

The

The wearied journey-man ſings jovially away the feelings of his laborious life.—With a pleaſure unknown to the favourites of Plutus, and thrown under a ſhady tree he opens his ſun-burnt boſom to the cooling zephyr; and—when the nut-brown nymph ſteals unexpectedly upon him, they both forget through more innocent jeſts perhaps than yours, ye maſters of refined manners!—that there are people in the world, who *ſeem* to be happier, than they feel themſelves at this moment.

The *Nepenthe*, in which we quaff the ſweet oblivion of all preſent miſery, all paſt ſufferings, all the cares of futurity—is joy.

How unhappy would be ninety-nine in a hundred parts of mankind, did not charitable Nature ſometimes ſhed a few drops from this her enchanting cup upon the pains of life!

We

We Greeks are ſo convinced, that joy is the ſummum bonum of mankind, that as often as we meet, we have nothing better to wiſh one another, than *joy*.

What muſt that man be then, who will not permit us to ſacrifice to this benevolent goddeſs?—he is a ſick man, as I told you,—or ſomething worſe—a knave.

Were I to adviſe a prince, I would recommend to him nothing more earneſtly, than to *put his nation in good humour*. —Short-ſighted people don't ſee, how much depends on this circumſtance alone.

A merry nation fulfills all its duties with more alacrity and good will, than—a *ſtupid*, or *melancholy* one; and—[be it ſaid in confidence, ye leaders of nations!] *it is twenty times more patient than any other*; your majeſties may boldly venture the experiment.———

When the Athenians are in good humour, they forget in a new comedy, or in a new female dance, or in a new jolly ſong their chagrin for a loſt battle, or of the mal-adminiſtration of their public treaſury. Alcibiades did what he pleaſed with them, becauſe he poſſeſſed the ſecret of making them every moment a new jeſt, in which they forgot the miſchief he did them.—Oppreſs us, but a little, —in your place we ſhould do the ſame; —but don't outrage our patience by forbidding us to jeſt away ſome part of our ſufferings. That would be doubling our burthen, without any advantage on your ſide,—and it might be called, to give it the ſofteſt name, *exceedingly unkind.*

A merry nation, a nation ſenſible to wit and jollity, may much eaſier be governed, than a *melancholy* one, is infinitely leſs inclined to tumults, oppoſition and changes of government. Religious

or

or political enthuſiaſm, thoſe monſters, which are capable of cauſing the moſt terrible cataſtrophes to a nation, find all avenues to ſuch a people ſhut up, or loſe among them all their power of doing miſchief. If in any gloomy head a miſanthropic whim happens to ſtart, it is laughed and jeſted away,—and is forgotten. But this very ſame whim would in a melancholy nation, and with a ſmall concurrence of promoting circumſtances have brought all minds into an univerſal fermentation, cauſed troubles and factions, menaced the conſtitution of the ſtate, and have coſt at leaſt half a dozen of the beſt heads.——

"It is a bad ſign, ſaid father Democritus, when virtue in any nation puts on a grave and bluff look. Some hoſtile dæmon, with wings charged with woe, hovers over it. I am no Tireſias, added he, but I propheſy to ſuch a nation with the moſt

confident aſſurance, that futurity will not give me the lie. Stupid and barbarous ſhall ye become, wretched people! Huſks and thiſtles ye ſhall eat, and miſeries ye ſhall ſuffer, at which nature and reaſon will revolt;—and when thou ſeeſt, that the impoſtors, by whoſe hypocritical mien, thou ſuffereſt thyſelf to be impoſed upon, ſpend their days in idleneſs and pleaſures, ſuck out the marrow of thy country, and ſleep with thy wives and children,—thou ſhalt be obliged to ſhut thy eyes, and to be ſilent,—or to open them, and *yet to be ſilent*, and perſuaded, that thou haſt ſeen nothing."—

"Believe me, good folks!—but why do I trouble myſelf about it?—believe your own feelings,—if you ſuffer yourſelves to be talked out of them, it is not my fault;—*Virtue, ſhe, who is the mother of our beſt joys, holds all unexceptionable, that are innocent.*"—

—But

—But what joys are innocent?—

Doeſt thou aſk me that queſtion, *Diophantes?*—Haſt thou no ſenſes, no wit, no heart, no ſympathetic ſentiment? art thou incapable of any diſintereſted feelings? canſt thou love nothing beſides thyſelf?—then I will tell thee at leaſt, what joys are not innocent.—Why doſt thou bluſh? Art thou afraid, I ſhould recall to thy memory the couch of the virtuous Lyſiſtrata? Fear nothing!—Would to God, that theſe might be moſt juſtly condemned among thy ſecret joys!—The joy of miſchief, the joy of ſeeing an unhappy man, whom thou perſecuteſt, crouching at thy feet, the joy of having oppreſſed riſing merit, which alarms thy jealouſy, of having blackened ſome virtue, which eclipſes thee; the joy of having made thyſelf maſter of ſome great man's ear by groveling tricks, or of having ſnatched away the inheritance of

ſome fooliſh old woman from the hungry mouths of her poor kindred; the joy of doing evil, that as thou wouldſt fain perſuade us, ſome good may ariſe from it,—I ſwear to thee by all the gods and goddeſſes, Diophantes, *theſe joys*, were they even thine own, are much leſs innocent, than the joy of ſome young Bacchanals was, who were ſurpriſed this morning by the riſing ſun at their dances and ſports with flowing bowls and laſſes tired with play.

SECT.

SECT. XXXIV.

THOU doſt not conceive, Eurybates, what I intend by this apology for joy, which thou diſt not expect from the mouth of Diogenes? It ſeems to thee, I ſhould loſe nothing, if grave people, who believe it a merit never to have laughed in their lives, ſhould gain the ſuperiority in this world.

Thou art miſtaken perhaps, Eurybates;—then they would rob me of my humour; and were it in their power to do that, they might take my life too; I would not give a bean for it any longer.

But indeed I thought leſs on myſelf, than on your children and grand-children. —I conſidered within myſelf, what would be the conſequence, if in your ſenate

a certain party of grey-bearded men ſhould prevail, who complain night and day of the corruption of manners, and as I am told, have made a propoſal to drive out of Corinth all perſons of both ſexes, whoſe profeſſion it is to amuſe other people. All temples and chapels, where people offered to the gods of joy, are to be ſhut, all players, mimicks, female-dancers and muſicians are to be baniſhed, on the ſame day from the town,—if things ſhould go according to the intention of theſe ſevere gentlemen, who do not like to remember their own youth, and entertain perhaps an unjuſt hatred of pleaſures, for which age, or their own former intemperance has made them unfit.

I own to thee, Eurybates, I will baniſh too, this jovial band out of my republic, or rather I will not ſuffer them to come in, when I find an opportunity to conſtitute a republick according to my

own

own fancy.——But whether you ought to baniſh them from Corinth, is another queſtion.——

Pericles and Socrates, the wiſeſt and beſt men of Athens, met every night at the lovely Aſpaſia's. Important matters were talked of in that humourous and jovial tone, which baniſhes wearineſs, and trifles became intereſting by wit and humour. Aſpaſia was the ſoul of the converſation. The fineſt ideas, the wiſeſt projects were framed in this ſociety, which ſeemed to have no other aim than relaxation and amuſement, and Aſpaſia often found an opportunity of reconciling imperceptibly diſunited minds, and of removing ſmall miſunderſtandings, which in proceſs of time might have been hurtful to the commonwealth. An elegant ſupper opened their hearts to joy and ſocial pleaſure. The little roſe-crowned cups excited Attic mirth, the

laugh of ſenſe; Philoſophy learnt facetiouſneſs of the Graces, and things were ſpoken worthy of being written by a Xenophon; till the Muſes under the figure of young and handſome laſſes cloſed the entertainment with ſongs and dances.

Tell me now, Eurybates, would Athens have been the better for it, had the fair Aſpaſia with her girls been ſent away, and Pericles and Socrates been obliged to paſs their evenings more ſeriouſly?

Doeſt thou imagine, Greece would be in poſſeſſion of the multifarious abundance of fine ſtatues and pictures, thoſe maſter-pieces of ideal beauty, which raiſe the mind to notions of heavenly perfection,—if no Theodotes, Phrynes, Danaes, and others of that tribe had ever exiſted, whom decency did not forbid to make their beauty conducive to the advancement of art?

And

And having baniſhed the Muſes and the frolickſome Graces from our borders, what delights muſt ſupply their place?—None at all?—then we ought to transform human nature!—Scythian entertainments and Thracian jeſts will take the place of thoſe you preſcribe.

In a ſhort time your wit will grow ruſtic, your temper rough and unſociable, your virtue ſavage, rude and miſanthropic. You may have removed from your youths one cauſe of extravagance; but unconverted by your moraliſts, they will have recourſe to compenſations ten times more pernicious to themſelves as well as to the ſtate.—Foreigners will avoid your town, where they will find no longer any amuſement, and the idle part of your citizens, whom you have deprived of the innocent means of amuſing their own inutility, will join ſecretly in ſmall private ſocieties, and compelled by mere tedium,

begin

begin to criticize the government upon falſe principles, to contrive intrigues, and to dream of changes in the ſtate.

With all this, as thou ſayeſt, I ſhall loſe nothing; but upon mature reflexion I think, you would do beſt, to continue your players, mimicks, juglers, ſong-ſtreſſes, with the ſmall evils occaſioned by them.——There are twenty means of putting a ſtop to thoſe extravagances, to which the love of pleaſure ſeduces. But I know no means to prevent the evils, that will befall you after having baniſhed the muſes, and graces with their retinue of Cupids, jeſts and joys, except—you transform your republick into that of *Sparta*—or that of *Plato*, or into *mine*,—but there you will meet with many difficulties.

SECT.

SECT. XXXV.

WHAT I think of thoſe people who in ſpeculative matters always decide, never doubt, and never confeſs, that of certain matters they know no more than ourſelves,—of thoſe people, who whole weeks together entertain you with eſſences and natures, with atoms and coincidences, with the plenum and the vacuum, with ſpirit and matter, with cauſes and effects, and who give the moſt exact and confident deſcription of *Terra incognita*, its ſituation, extent, length, breadth, climate, heat and cold, its products, plants, animals, inhabitants, and their way of living, policy, paſt and future hiſtory, &c. as if by the opportunity of a comet, or Heaven knows by

by what other marvellous vehicle they were juſt arrived from thence?—What do I think of them?—

One day I heard in one of the porticos at Athens ſuch a polyhiſtorick talker two full hours haranguing on the myſterious numbers of Pythagoras. We liſtened all moſt attentively and comprehended not a word of the matter; the Pythagorean however came off with flying colours. He promiſed to talk the following day juſt as long and as learnedly of the ſeven ſpheres, and of the eighth too, and of all the aſtoniſhing things, that are above the eighth ſphere. I laughed at my own folly, and yet led by a ſottiſh curioſity to know, what the man could be able to ſay, I ſubmitted to be cheated once more of a couple of hours, and of ten drachmas—Theſe ſhall be the laſt drachma, ſaid I, when he had done, which I will ſpend

ſpend for news from above the moon, ſhould I reach the age of Tithon!

Some days ſince I publiſhed through all Athens, that there was newly arrived one of the Chaldean Magi, who at a certain time was to ſpeak publickly in the Ceramicus.—

A prodigious number of people aſſembled. I dreſſed myſelf as much like a Chaldean, as I could; a long white beard, and a mantle painted with all the ſigns of the zodiac, had an excellent effect; —As ſoon as I appeared, they panted with expectation of things unheard of; all was ſilence, when I began to hem. At length I commenced my ſpeech—I give you ten days, or ten Olympiads, if you pleaſe, to gueſs what I ſpoke;— you will gueſs rather any thing elſe,—I ſpoke of *the man in the moon.*

I did not forget in the exordium of my ſpeech to prepare my hearers, by a certain

certain myſterious emphaſis for what I was about to tell them, that they could ſcarce wait for the moment of my entering upon the matter. But I cannot yet forbear laughing, when I recollect the comical expreſſions of aſtoniſhment, ſurprize, impatience, and twenty other emotions, I diſcovered in that moſt burleſque mixture of innumerable diſtorted countenances, when I announced my deſign of entertaining them with *the man in the moon.*

They looked at one another and muttered: *the man in the moon!*—All without exception looked like people, who find themſelves prodigiouſly miſtaken in their expectation,—*the man in the moon!*

Yes, with *the man in the moon*, cried I without loſing countenance; with the moſt marvellous, the moſt important and the moſt myſterious matter, a mortal

man

man ever ſpoke of to mortal men, with *the man in the moon.*

The old man is a fool, cried one pretty loudly, or believes us to be ſo.—Poſſibly both, thought I.

The third part of the aſſembly ſeemed, as if they were ready to deſert me.—Are you mad, ſaid an old hollow-eyed cobbler, who looked himſelf, as if he was born in one of the planets; could you expect leſs from a Chaldean magus? Did he not tell you, he was to ſpeak of things unheard of? You muſt hear him firſt, before you can judge? I look farther into men; you cannot tranſlate the whole man from his noſe. And merely becauſe the matter he will ſpeak of, ſeems to be a fooliſh one, I would wager my head, that there lies ſome myſtery wrapt up in it. Who knows—In ſhort, I will make acquaintance with *the man in the moon.* —Others may do as they pleaſe.

What the cobbler had ſaid, was painted in the countenances of the greateſt part of the aſſembly;—and when the murmur had ſpent itſelf, every ſoul ſtaid to hear, what one could ſay of *the man in the moon.*

I went on—as well as I can remember—in the following terms:

"According to the promiſes I have made you, gentlemen of Athens, nothing might be more reaſonably expected from me, than to give, before I proceed farther, ſuch a definition of what I underſtand by *the man in the moon*, as that each of you, as often as a vibration of the air, cauſed by the ſounds, of which this name is compoſed, reaches his ear, may immediately conceive that determined notion, which is proper to no man in the world, but *the man in the moon.*"

"A very reaſonable demand at the firſt appearance! but indeed, gentlemen

of

of Athens, a demand, which is ſo difficult to be complied with, that you might as well expect me to draw the whole ocean into a cup,—and, provided it was wine of Thaſos, to drink it up to your health."

"There are a great many things in the world, which at firſt ſight ſeem no way difficult; we fancy, we know them as well as we do the mother, who brought us forth. But if it happens, that we are obliged to open our mouths to ſay ſomething reaſonable about them, a man finds himſelf almoſt under the neceſſity of ſhutting it again even as he opened it. Thus for inſtance, nothing is eaſier to be ſaid, than: we will hold a diſcourſe of the *man in the moon*; or—let us hear, what may be ſaid of *the man in the moon*. But I appeal to your own ſentiments, would you not be much diſtreſſed, had you promiſed to ſpeak of

a thing, that does not fall under the reach of the ſenſes, and which however cannot be conceived without ſenſes? To ſpeak ſincerely, though I am obliged, like a philoſopher, not to ſhew any diffidence of the univerſality and infallibility of my knowledge, I find myſelf however in ſome perplexity, whether I ſhall ſpeak firſt of the reality of *the man in the moon*, or of his poſſibility. That he might be real, he muſt be poſſible; and that he might be poſſible, it is neceſſary, that he can be. That is the point!—Should I ſay, *the man in the moon is* POSSIBLE; then I have either no idea of what I am talking,—which by-the-by is the moſt eaſy,—or ſuppoſe indeed, that *he is*; for how could I ſay elſe, he *is* poſſible? It is juſt the ſame, as if I ſaid, *the man in the moon* is blue, or has a great noſe, or is a good man;—for by all this I ſuppoſe, that there is a man in the moon;

or

or it would be ridiculous to ſay, he is this or that; and indeed it would be the ſame, as if we ſaid; the thing, that is not, exiſts.—Should I on the other hand affirm, that *the man in the moon* is REAL; then I ſuppoſe his poſſibility, of which however I can ſay nothing confidently, before I have examined it.—And ſhould I examine it, I only keep revolving in the curſed circle, I who am eternally turning from poſſibility to reality, and from reality to poſſibility, till my head grows ſo giddy, that I loſe the ſight of the world, of the man in the moon, and of my own poor ſelf. In theſe circumſtances I can help neither myſelf, nor other people, but by declaring either in all ſimplicity; *non liquet*,—and rather than ſubmit to that, I would loſe my head,—or that we take a leap, and maintain peremptorily with all poſſible effrontery, that *the man in the moon* exiſts,

as much as Hermes Triſmegiſtus, or any other man in the world, and ſo much the more, as there lives no man in the world, about whom we might not raiſe the ſame doubts. Upon this conſideration I confeſs, that the demonſtration of the profound *Heraclitus* gives me always the greateſt ſatisfaction, who, to extricate himſelf at once from this difficulty, ſays: "*the man in the moon* exiſts, for how could he otherwiſe be the man in the moon?"

"Having thus fortunately ſurmounted the firſt difficulty, there ariſes another great queſtion: if the man in the moon exiſts, *what is he?*"

"Here, gentlemen, I throw open before you the doors of the metaphyſical abyſs. An impenetrable darkneſs ſeems here to put an everlaſting ſtop to your inquiſitive ſearch. But do not be terrified by it; we will continue to look, till

till we discover something.—I here disclose a mystery to you; your philosophers will grow angry; but I don't care about it.—Look but into it, gentlemen; we have no other means of making discoveries in this *Terra incognita*."

Do you see nothing yet?—We will first set our eyes in a proper position; Heark ye! When I first cumbered myself about *the man in the moon*, not knowing, where to begin, I went round to all the philosophers, and asked them, what they knew about the matter.—"*The man in the moon*," said the first to whom I applied; "it is not so easy to know him; but if you are determined to undertake the adventure, all will depend upon finding out, what he is?"—*That is the question*, said I.

"I went from house to house to hear, what they would answer me upon this question. And here I perceived the

truth of the old proverb, except that I found a great many more *minds*, than *men*."

"*The man in the moon* is properly no man," ſaid ſome of them; "people might ſay as well the *woman* in the moon, though, to ſpeak correctly, he be neither man nor woman.—For if he was indeed a man, he muſt have a wife, or his manhood would have been given him without a ſufficient reaſon; but no body ever heard of a woman in the moon, or of the wife of the man in the moon; ergo, &c."—

"The truth is," ſaid another, "that he bears no reſemblance at all to us."

"That is impoſſible," ſaid a third; "he muſt however have yet more reſemblance to us, than to an oyſter, or to a titanokeratophyton."—

"I will demonſtrate my poſition," replied the other; "every thing *below* the

the moon is not *in* the moon, and vice verſa; and there muſt be a reaſon, *why* it is below the moon, and not rather *in* the moon, where it might be perhaps juſt as well; now all people agree, that the man in the moon is—in the moon."—

"If he be in the moon, concedo," replied the third; "but I dare affirm, that he ſpends perhaps two thirds of the year in the planet *Venus*, or that he at leaſt ſpends the winter there, which muſt be pretty ſevere in the moon."—

"Phy! phy!" ſaid the other, "how could you prove this, heat and cold being no abſolute things? Naturally the organiſation of the man in the moon is proper to his abode, and this abode, as all aſtronomers know, being cold and moiſt, the man in the moon muſt be a perfect phlegmatick; and if he be ſo, then it is impoſſible to imagine, what

they

they would do with him in the Venus, the planet of love."

"These gentlemen," said a fourth, "speak very confidently about the man in the moon; and I am sure however, they know no more about the man in the moon, than I do myself, that is just nothing at all. For I maintain, that we must have one sense more, than those five or six senses we have, to be capable of gaining a true idea of him. According to our way of speaking, he is neither tall, nor short, neither hot nor cold, neither sour nor sweet, neither white nor black, —he is—he may know himself what he is!"

"The opinion of this last manifestly leads to *scepticism*, to which we other dogmatics have always been as averse, as—the corporation of tailors to the philosophy of gymnosophists. In the mean time, since after all that these wise men had

had told me, I knew neither more nor leſs of the matter, than before; I reſolved to try, how far my own reflexion might bring me upon this moſt obſcure ſubject."

"If it be true," ſaid I to myſelf, "that every thing is, what it is, I may without any heſitation lay it down as an axiom, that the man in the moon is *the man in the moon.* I have gained a great deal, if you grant me this point,—for then he is neither

the man in Mercury,
nor in Mars,
nor in Jupiter,
nor in Saturn, &c. nor is he
the man in the zodiac,
nor in the galaxy,
nor in the firmament of fire,
nor in the vacuum,

nor in the chaos,—but indeed and truly

the

the man in the moon; and being that, he is

neither fiſh,

nor fowl,

nor an amphibion,

nor an inſect,

he can neither ſwim nor fly;—tho' I will not anſwer for the truth of this laſt article; for in the moon it may perhaps be poſſible to ſwim without fins, and to fly without wings, or he might have fins and wings too, without being leſs the man in the moon.—

Neither dare I to determine from his perſonal identity,

whether he lives by eating and drinking like ourſelves,

or on the air, like the bird of paradiſe,

or on ſun-beams, like the phœnix,

or on ideas, like Plato's ſpirits;

whether he propagates his ſpecies or not; and in the firſt caſe

whether he muſt have a female of his own ſpecies,

or can manage it by himſelf, like our ſnails?

whether he propagates by root,
or by bulbs,
or by buds,
or by young ſhoots,
or by eggs,
or by living young,—

or is perhaps like the phœnix, always the only one of his ſpecies, and from time to time is renewed from his own aſhes?—

Whether he is tall or ſhort,
fat or lean,
fair or brown,
good or ill-natured,
learned or ignorant,
a good or a bad poet,
whether he dances well,
rides well,
plays a good game at quadrille,
&c.

All

All theſe and twenty ſuch like queſtions, which every one even with the moſt ordinary wit may aſk himſelf, will, I fear, with much difficulty be anſwered, as long as we find no means,—to ſcrape a nearer acquaintance with the man in the moon; though in general I am apt to believe, that,—provided he live alone in the moon, as we uſually ſuppoſe him to do,—he muſt pretty often be annoyed, and in general may not be of a very agreeable humour or a lively converſation."—

"However, as I ſaid, gentlemen, the honour of reſolving clearly all imaginable problems, which might be propoſed about the man in the moon, is only reſerved for that philoſophical adventurer, who ſhall be ingenious, or happy enough to diſcover the road to the moon, provided there be one; or to make himſelf a way thither, if there be none; and—

which

which ſeems to be equally neceſſary,—to find his way home again, after having ſtayed there long enough to have made a ſufficient number of obſervations; ſuppoſe it were poſſible after all by the aſſiſtance of ſuch ſenſes, as ours, to make diſcoveries of a man like the man in the moon."—

"You ſee, my good Athenians, that I have not abuſed your patience, and that, all things conſidered, perhaps I have done more, than you could juſtly have expected from me. Few of our tribe would have diſcloſed their minds ſo freely, and have ſpoken ſo few words, to ſhew you in a learned way, *that they don't know what they are talking about.*"

"Above all, I hope I have given no ſort of offence to the man in the moon, whatever he may be, by what I have, or rather have not ſaid of him. He would per-

perhaps have been offended, had I had the aſſurance *to lay a ſyſtem upon his ſhoulders*, and with the uſual temerity of my brethren to demonſtrate to you his figure, his complexion, his organiſation, capacities, manners, way of living, religion, in ſhort all his internal and external qualities.—But I, what could I ſay of him more innocent, than—*nothing at all?*"—

Thus I ended my ſpeech, and retired behind the curtain, to ſee the more undiſturbed the effect it would produce. My Athenians, who fancied perhaps, the beſt was yet to come, made a great many wry faces, when they ſaw themſelves diſappointed in their hopes.——Some moments they ſtood there very much perplexed, with their eyes and half-open mouths turned towards the ſtage, upon which the Chaldean had held his diſ-

courſe,

courſe; but being now fully perſuaded, that nothing more was to be expected, there aroſe at once a confuſed murmur, which by degrees grew louder and louder, and at laſt broke out into a general tumult. Each ſpoke and maintained his opinion of the ſubject-matter, of the deſign the Chaldean might have had in his ſpeech, whether he had ſpoken well or not, of his countenance, of his beard, at leaſt of the man in the moon himſelf, and whom he might have repreſented by him; for it was taken for granted, that there was ſome myſtery in the affair. The noiſe encreaſed; they quarrelled, they cried out, all gave their voices at once; and as a great many of them, who were not well exerciſed in reaſoning and ſyllogiſms, had the ſtronger ſhoulders and bones, they came to handicuffs at laſt: in ſhort, the man in the moon was very near having raiſed a general uproar in

Athens.—What children the Athenians are! ſaid one of the wiſer ſort, and who very ſeaſonably retired; have you not found out then, that the Chaldean has no other intention, than that of laughing at you and your philoſophers?

SECT.

SECT. XXXVI.

ON a fine autumnal day I lay under a cypreſs in the Cranium, and enjoyed the ſun-ſhine, which in this ſeaſon is ſo agreeable to old people, when in one of thoſe dreams I am uſed to abandon myſelf to, when I have nothing elſe to think of, I was unexpectedly intruded upon by a ſtranger, who in the company of ſome others, that ſeemed little better than his ſlaves, came directly towards me. At firſt I did not obſerve him,— but when he ſpoke to me, I began to perceive, that there was ſome body between myſelf and the ſun.—

"Art thou," ſaid he, meaſuring me by his eyes with a certain boldneſs, which in common people is called impudence,

—" art thou that Diogenes, whoſe character and humour are ſo much talked of in all Greece ?"

I now obſerved my man a little nearer than in the beginning. It was a fine youth of a middle-ſize, but well-ſhaped, except that his head inclined a little to his left ſide; he had a broad forehead, large ſparkling eyes, with which he pierced into your very ſoul, a happy phyſiognomy, a countenance, in which pride and ſelf-confidence, ſoftened by a certain grace, conſtituted what we are uſed in kings to call majeſty ;—I obſerved a diadem upon his head, that intitled him to this aſſuming air, but I pretended not to ſee it.

And who art thou, anſwered I coldly, that fancieſt, thou haſt a right to aſk that queſtion ?

" I am only Alexander the ſon of Philip of Macedon," replied the youth ſmi-

ſmiling. " I confeſs it, that at preſent this is not much; but ſuch as I am, I am at Diogenes's ſervice. As I knew thou wouldſt not come to me, I came to thee, to tell thee, that it would give me very great ſatisfaction to ſet thy philoſophy upon an eaſier foot. Demand of me, whatever thou pleaſeſt, it ſhall be granted thee immediately, provided it be only in the reach of my power."

Doeſt thou promiſe it me upon thy royal word?

" Upon my word," replied he.

Then ſaid I, I beſeech Alexander the ſon of Philip of Macedon,—to be ſo kind as to ſtand out of the ſun-ſhine.

" Is that all?" ſaid Alexander.

All I want at preſent, anſwered I.

His courtiers grew pale with aſtoniſhment.—

"A king muſt keep his word," ſaid Alexander, turning himſelf towards his retinue with a forced ſmile.—

He juſtifies the nick-name the Corinthians give him, ſaid the courtiers, and deſerves to be treated accordingly.—

"Let that alone," replied the youth; "I aſſure you, were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!"—

Upon this they left me.

This adventure will make ſome noiſe. I cannot help it.—Seriouſly what ſhould I have deſired of him?—I will have nothing to do with ſuch people.—Indeed I want nothing;—and did I want any thing, have I not a friend? Ought I to receive favours of a king, when I refuſe them of my friend, whom I might render happy by it?

But the youth pleaſes me.—As we muſt have kings, we ought to wiſh for ſuch as reſemble him.—I don't doubt, but

but he had a mind to tempt me;—and my requeſt however ſeemed little expected by him.—It is juſt, he ſhould be rather Alexander, than Diogenes; in his place I ſhould think the ſame; but it does him great honour with me, that he would have wiſhed to be Diogenes, had he not been Alexander.——What matter this young man alone will give the Greeks to talk of him! He has got himſelf choſen by them their common general againſt the great king.—A fair pretext for a young and ambitious man, for whom Macedon and Greece are too ſmall a theatre! I wiſh, he might be maſter of the world, and think like Diogenes!

SECT. XXXVII.

I Thought on nothing leſs, when I repoſed yeſterday night upon my Ulyſſean couch, than receiving a viſit from a king,—when the wooden lock of my hut was opened, and Alexander with a ſmall lanthorn in his hand entered into my cell. I roſe and bad him welcome. "Thou art a ſingular man," ſaid he to me; "I purſue thee, as little reaſon as I have to be ſatisfied with thee; for thou hadſt like to have reduced me to a fooliſh wiſh."—

May I aſk to what?—

"That of being no king, to be Diogenes, and to have like thyſelf the pleaſure of humbling kings."

Par-

Pardon me, Alexander, it was not my intention; at thy arrival I was baſking in the ſun; it ſhone ſo agreeably upon me, that I was angry at being deprived of a pleaſure of ſo little value in the eyes of a king. Thou hadſt no buſineſs with me, and I had no favour to demand of thee. I might have bethought myſelf half an hour, without hitting upon any other wiſh than thy going out of the ſun-ſhine.

" Well! if thou art the moſt ſingular philoſopher, *I* ever ſaw; I am perhaps the moſt ſingular king, *thou* ever ſaweſt. I like thee; I wiſh, I could perſuade thee to accompany me on my adventures. I want an honeſt fellow to tell me truth, —and I believe, thou mighteſt be my man."—

Each muſt act his part, Alexander. I ſhould be Diogenes no longer, were I to accompany thee. But if thou deſireſt

it,

it, I can furniſh thee with as much truth, as thou art in need of, were thou to become lord and maſter of the whole earth.

" In confidence be it ſaid, I meditate nothing leſs.—I have ideas, which I cannot get out of my head. Macedon is nothing; Greece—is ſome acres more; —Aſia Minor, Armenia, Media, India, —theſe might be ſomething! But getting the poſſeſſion of thoſe, we may as well take the reſt.—In ſhort, I look upon this globe as all of one piece, and all the race of mankind need but one leader; and—I feel myſelf born for that leader."

I would not warrant, when thou haſt atchieved this, that thou wouldſt not think of a bridge to the moon, and the other planets, in order to conquer the whole ſolar ſyſtem, which ſeems to be likewiſe all of one piece, and to which thou wilt pretend thyſelf intitled, as

ſoon

ſoon as thou art the maſter of this globe of earth.

"I ſhall never pretend to chimæras, Diogenes. My project is ſo great, ſo beautiful, the execution of it ſo eaſy, that I wonder, I ſhould be the firſt, to have fallen upon it."

Thou wilt laugh at me, Alexander! but I aſſure thee, I ſhould have thought juſt the ſame, had I been a king at thy years, and under ſuch favourable circumſtances. Thou haſt the hearts of the Greeks in thy hand, and with thirty thouſand Greeks a young man like thyſelf may atchieve the conqueſt of the world.

But what art thou to do with it?

"A fair queſtion for a philoſopher! The ſame I would do with Macedon and Epirus, if I had nothing elſe. Every thing is ſettled in my mind. I will gather the unpoliſhed nations into new-founded cities, and provide them with

the beſt laws I ſhall judge neceſſary for them; on all great rivers, on all ſea-coaſts I will eſtabliſh new colonies and places of trade, unite all provinces of the continent by good roads, give to the whole earth one language, and together with our language our arts and ſciences; and that I may be able to ſurvey and regulate the whole machine, I will build a new city in the heart of all my conqueſt, which ſhall be the center of all nations, of their different relations and intereſts, the ſoul of all their motions, the cabinet of all the treaſures of art and nature, the ſeat of the Amphictyons of human-kind, the general academy of its choiceſt ſpirits, in ſhort, the capital of the world, and my reſidence."

And how long doſt thou think, king Alexander, this great work will endure?

"As long as there ſhall be an Alexander to govern it.——This ſeems to be

a rhodomontade, friend Diogenes! but I believe thee capable of taking it for what it is. Suppoſe the unſteadineſs of ſublunary things, or the giddy diſpoſition of human-kind, who are in a little time weary of their own happineſs, would not permit my eſtabliſhment to continue a long time, however the utility I procure by it to mankind will extend itſelf to many ages, and I may always enjoy the ſatisfaction of having given to the paſſing dream of my life a kind of immortality by the greateſt enterprize, that ever came into the head of a mortal man."——

But the difficulties of the execution?—

"Difficulties?——leave them to my care; give me but ten years, and then come and ſee!"——

But how many heads will it coſt, before thou haſt rendered ſo many nations trac-

tractable enough to ſuffer themſelves to be governed by thy own?——

"Heads it may coſt!—I am ſorry for it,—for I am no friend to deſtruction and ſlaughter.—But for the ſake of theſe heads, all the heads in the world will not be able to perſuade me to abandon my plan. Don't I venture my own too?—Beſides, the women in Hyrcania and Bactriana are ſo teeming, that the loſs will be imperceptible."——

O Alexander, cried I, thou art now twenty years old; other young men of thy rank ſpend their inglorious youth in pleaſures and idleneſs, and content themſelves with being the firſt at the bottle, and making projects againſt the virtue of our women;—And at this age thou haſt laid the plan of an univerſal monarchy, and art proceeding to execute it.—I ſee thee enraptured by the ſublime beauty of thine idea; thou art formed to execute what

what we leſſer ſouls would believe a chimæra.——I ſhould appear ridiculous to thee and to myſelf, did I endeavour to diſſuade thee from thy project. Suppoſe too I had ſome conſiderable objections againſt it, it would be juſt the ſame, as if by a chain of ſyllogiſms I ſhould prove to an inamorato, that he would do better, not to be in love.——Spirits, like thine, are awakened by Heaven, when it would give a new form to the world. The rules, according to which we other men are to live, are no laws for men of thy ſpecies.—I might perhaps curſe thee in my heart, were I an Athenian, a Spartan, a Cappadocian, a Mede, or an Ægyptian. But I am a citizen of the world. No intereſt, except that of mankind in general, is great enough in my eyes to deſerve any conſideration. Go, Alexander, and execute the great idea, which ſwells thy ſoul. But in the midſt

of

of thy enterprises never forget, that we other sons of earth are as sensible to pain and pleasure, as thyself; and that with all thy prerogatives thou art as mortal, as ourselves. There wants nothing but a simple arrow from the bow of a pitiful Sogdian, or some drops of poison mixed in thy cup by a perfidious Mede, to convert into a dream all the projects of thy mighty soul. Thou runnest a dangerous career; a man will bear any thing rather than unlimited power. The very moment thy parasites shall persuade thee, that thou art more than man, will prove the end of thy glory, and the ruin of thy virtue. Then thou wilt stain thy fair deeds by vices, which will prove but too well thy humanity. Cruelty and unbridled passions will render thy government detestable, shorten thy life, and make thy empire like one of those rare and far-shining *meteors*, which astonish

the

the world for a moment, but vaniſh, while the eyes of the world are ſtill upon them.

Alexander ſat with dejected countenance, and ſeemed loſt in meditation, as I ſpoke. I fancied, he was doing over my moral leſſon. But ſoon after I had done ſpeaking, he awakened, roſe up and told me, that at the break of day he would depart from Corinth. "Seriouſly, Diogenes," added he, "can I be of no ſervice to thee?—The Corinthians, as I ſee, don't know thy value."

I am ſatisfied if they don't hurt me. Souls like thine are framed for doing good. Ah! Alexander, there are at this moment a thouſand ſouls, who languiſh under miſery and oppreſſion! Couldſt thou make theſe unhappy people bleſs the day of thy birth, thou wouldſt do me all the good, the greateſt of kings is capable of doing me.

" Thou art a happy man, Diogenes! —I cannot take it amiſs, that thou art perhaps the only mortal man in the world, who refuſes my friendſhip."—

Alexander, ſaid I to him, I honour thee more than I ever did a mortal man. But I cannot tell thee, what I don't think. A king can neither be a friend, nor have friends.

" Damn thee with thy ſincerity, Diogenes! I'll have no more of it; thou wouldſt make me wiſh myſelf in thy tub; but one Diogenes is enough for the world!"

That I don't know; but this I am certainly perſuaded of, that it would be torn to pieces by two Alexanders.—

" Thou ſpeakeſt the truth, old man! —Farewell!"

SECT.

SECT. XXXVIII.

THE

Republick of Diogenes.

I.

A Man muſt be an Alexander to frame the monſtrous deſign of uniting all the nations of the earth into one ſingle ſtate.—My imagination does not reach ſo far.—

I will fancy myſelf a *wizard*, who by the help of his magic rod can realize all

his ideas,—and that I have before me an uninhabited iſland, big enough for the accommodation of ſome hundred thouſand men with their wives and children, for each man not above two wives and ſix children.

I ſuppoſe farther, that this iſland—it is now the queſtion, what I muſt ſuppoſe?—whether for inſtance my future ſubjects ſhall be yet *unbegotten* and *unborn*, or born, but not *grown*, or grown, but yet *ſavage*,—Or whether they ſhall already be as poliſhed, as formed, as civil and honeſt, as we other Greeks are? —The matter deſerves conſideration.

II.

ALL things being duly conſidered, I think, I will take them grown; I ſhould find it a troubleſome buſineſs, before I could have begotten, brought forth

forth and nurſed them ſo far, that they might walk without leading-ſtrings.—

But I forget, that I am a magician! Can I not with a ſingle ſtroke of my rod make them as I like them?—This is no ſmall advantage; but in ſuch a buſineſs it is indiſpenſable. The Devil make a commonwealth of folks as you find them!—

Then I get together about a hundred thouſand handſome girls from Albania, Iberia and Colchis, where people ſay they are of the moſt beautiful growth.—You may well ſuppoſe, that I have choſen them out of four or five hundred thouſand,—all tall, robuſt, full-grown girls, with fair hair, blue eyes, a full-boſom, a well-rounded waſte, in ſhort with every thing, the connoiſſeurs judge neceſſary to form a perfect beauty;—of complexion all lilies and roſes, and all in their twentieth year.

In the midſt of the month of May I tranſport all theſe girls by a ſtroke of my rod, in the moſt agreeable valley at the foot of Antilibanus.—In the mean time my ſpirits have prepared a table under each almond and roſe-tree;—none of thoſe dainties, in which our rich people devour ſlow poiſon;—good, nouriſhing, ſucculent meats and freſh ſpring-water, as much as they pleaſe.

As ſoon as every thing is ready, I ſend immediately for a hundred thouſand handſome young fellows of Hircania and Bactriana;—no Adoniſes, no ſmooth half-womaniſh Ganymedes,—like thoſe our Corinthian gentlemen, (who knows, *why?*) entertain in their ſeraglios;—robuſt, ſound, broad-ſhouldered fellows, who have ſtill all the ſtrength of youth, accuſtomed to wander about in the foreſts, and like ſo many Herculeſes to deprive their country-men the panthers and ti-

gers

gers of their ſkins, to cloath themſelves with.

How theſe girls and boys will look at one another,—you may eaſily imagine.

Now nature may atchieve what I have begun;—you may depend upon it, ſhe will make a pretty piece of work of it.

But, how! you ſay, nothing but *ſpring-water? No wine of Thaſos, of Chios, of Cyprus?—Not a drop!* Do you think, my Hyrcanians want ſuch corroboratives? My laſſes would not like ſuch diffidence.

———Aurora appears. The lads awake,—but no reſt yet for theſe poor girls!—well! be it ſo, as 'tis the laſt time!——and now tranſport them as quick, as they came, back again to their foreſts; I don't want them any longer.

Juno Lucina aſſiſt us! In nine months I have at leaſt a hundred and thirty

thouſand little boys and girls, each girl as lovely as a grace, each boy as fair as a Cupid.—And now let us ſee, whether I cannot compoſe of them ſuch a republick, as has never exiſted in the world before!

III.

I THANK myſelf for having got the future inhabitants of my republick made according to my own idea;—or to ſpeak more naturally, for having charged *uncorrupted nature* with making them according to her own pleaſure. For to confeſs the truth, I could never have been capable of making all the alterations, I ſhould have been obliged to with your poliſhed Greeks and Aſiaticks, ſo as to have made them any way fit for my republick.

Some

Some time ago I aſſiſted at the *Iſthmian games*. What an infinite multitude of people I ſurveyed there from kings and queens down to—ſlave-merchants and oyſter-wenches! How many ſorts and ſpecies in almoſt innumerable ſub-diviſions!——Stateſmen, archons, counſellors, orators, advocates,—generals, colonels, captains, down to the heroes who ſerve for ſix-pence a day,—prieſts, poets, hiſtorians, philoſophers,—painters, ſtatuaries, muſicians, architects, maſters in all neceſſary and unneceſſary arts, bankers, merchants, navigators, jewellers, grocers, wine-merchants, cooks, bakers,—players, mimicks, rope-dancers, juglers, cut-purſes, paraſites, pimps, and among them all, cunning men, wits, blockheads, honeſt men, knaves, upſtarts, ſcoundrels, uſurers, ſpendthrifts, wenchers, effeminate fellows, ſycophants, fools, and ſots of all conditions, kinds, ſexes,

ſexes, figures, complexions and ſhape ſo multifarious, that Ariſtotle would have twenty years work to claſs them.—

What a mighty God is *Fate!* ſaid I to myſelf. What philoſopher would dare to compoſe a conſiſtent whole of ſuch heterogeneous parts? And this Fate compoſed of them our empires and ſtates; and you ſee however, that according to the circumſtances, all goes on tolerably well.

I confeſs however, be the fault in my republick, or in ſomething elſe, I don't know how to employ the ſmalleſt part of them.

In the firſt place I ſhould be obliged to diſmiſs the whole claſs of *ſtateſmen*; for, my republick being once wound up, muſt go by itſelf or I would not give a fig for it.

Soldiers?—I will make my people happy, *without appearing to be ſo*; other na-

nations will not judge it worth while to attack them;—and of robbers they are not afraid. They are robuſt, vigourous fellows; they know, how to manage the club, as well as yourſelves a fan.—At the very firſt attempt they will take care to prevent any future attack from you upon their wives and daughters.

Architects? We ſhall have no occaſion for palaces, temples, amphitheaters; and to build ſome little neat cottages of ſound timber, when the ſeaſons and the weather forbid us the free enjoyment of the air, we want no architects.

We will be content with what nature produces in our iſland, and all her products will be neceſſary for our own ſervice. Then we have nothing to purchaſe or to exchange;—Your *navigators*, and *merchants* may paſs by;—they will find no buſineſs with us.

Nor

Nor ſhall we have occaſion for your *manufacturers in wool and ſilk*.—I will take care to furniſh the woods of our iſland with ſo many bears, wolves, foxes, and lynxes, as my nation wants for their winter-cloaths. And for their ſummer-cloaths, I will cover the ſouth-ſide of my iſland with cotton-trees. Our wives and daughters ſhall gather, ſpin, weave, and even dye the cotton themſelves, if they like it, and make of it for themſelves neat garments; for they like dreſs as well as your women.

"And why dreſs?" a *Gymnoſophiſt* will ſay.

Firſt, becauſe the ſun and air might damage the lilies and roſes of their ſkin; —and ſecondly, becauſe I don't like, the eyes of my youths ſhould grow ſo familiar with the beauties of their ſweet-hearts, as to know them by heart at the firſt ſight.

The

The whole train of your arts invented for magnificence and wantonneſs,——I have no uſe for them. I believe, we ſhall even refuſe your *painters* and *ſtatuaries*; I am loth to do it; but my apprehenſions, that one of them might take it into his head to build a temple for his image, and to conſecrate himſelf its prieſt, gets the better of all my affection for theſe arts; and indeed I can well ſpare them. Should one of my young men find his beloved miſtreſs ſo handſome, as to wiſh for ſeeing her figure eternized,—Cupid may aſſiſt him in drawing a living copy of her; it will always be fairer and more durable, than the fineſt picture, which a Lyſippus or an Appelles would be able to produce.

Your *cooks*, *bakers*, *confectioners*, *perfumers*, &c. away with them!—Nature herſelf ſhall dreſs the meals of my people, or teach them to do ſo.—Their dain-

dainties ſhall grow upon trees and ſhrubs; —and my women ſhall be the cleaneſt, the moſt deſireable and the ſweeteſt little creatures in the world, without any other means, than freſh ſpring-water, a noſe-gay at their boſom, and roſe-leaves upon their mattraſſes, or upon a ſmooth green ſwarth, where upon *certain conditions* I will give you leave to ſurprize them ſometimes aſleep.

Your *philoſophers*, *hiſtorians*, *poets*, &c. they will pardon me; but I have no buſineſs for them. Half their knowledge would be ſufficient irreparably to deprive my coloniſts of their natural good ſenſe.—Love or joy ſhall make them *poets*. By your *hiſtorians* they would only become acquainted with vices, which they don't know, or with virtues, they can reap no advantages from. They will not want any other *philoſophy*, than that of Diogenes,—and

and this they ſhall be taught by their mothers and nurſes.—So, gentlemen, your moſt humble ſervant.

Players, *mimicks*, *dancers*, and all that belong to this predicament;—in a republick like yours they may be very uſeful;—to amuſe the people, and—ſo much the better for the magiſtrates; but to ourſelves they can be of no ſervice.—My young folks ſhall be taught dancing by mirth; add thereto the muſic of the rural flute, to keep them in time, and I will wager whatever you pleaſe, you will yourſelves come to learn their artleſs dances of them; you will endeavour to imitate them in your ball-rooms; but you will not be capable of imitating that genuine glee, which is the ſoul of them that muſt be felt; and to feel it in all its purity, you ought to be inhabitants of my iſland.——*Mimicks?* The world ſhould not be underſtood by theſe my

my ſimple people; and *players*, what are they to exhibit?—Tragedies?—Why ſhould I bath the fair ſparkling eyes of my women in forced tears without any neceſſity?—Comedies?—We muſt not have more folly among us, than is abſolutely requiſite to be *neither too ſtupid, nor too wiſe*; and ſo much folly is not ſufficient to bring forth *Carricatures*, which ſet the pit in outrageous laughter.—In ſhort, we ſhall find means to amuſe ourſelves; keep but your idle buffoons to yourſelves!——And beſides how ſhould we pay them?

But *phyſicians* you muſt abſolutely have.—So much the worſe, if they are neceſſary! I honour the ſons of Hippocrates; they ſhall be welcome, if they deſign to make us a viſit; but they will find but little buſineſs;—the climate of our iſland is very wholeſome by our ſimple manner of living, by the ſobriety

briety of our tables, by the ſerenity of our minds, without care, without grief, without ambition, without any paſſions, but good ones, and by an agreeable flow of ideas, which preſerve us in the continual enjoyment of our exiſtence,—to what purpoſe then phyſicians?—We will invite you, gentlemen, as ſoon as we grow weary of the uniformity of good health.

All the remaining train of people, who live either by the dexterity of their hands, or the ſmoothneſs of their tongues, or by the agility of their heels, or the compliance with your paſſions, views and humours,—would to God, you might find means to ſweep away all this droſs from your commonwealth!—There are ſtill a great number of uninhabited iſlands, where you may tranſplant them. —ours is already occupied.

IV.

IT is juſt as Ariſtotle would have it, neither too warm, nor too cold, the air pure and ſoft; the ſoil fertile; the woods full of game; the thickets provided with larks, nightingales and linnets; the rivers and brooks well ſtored with fiſh; the meadows and valleys covered with flocks, and the land with rice, wheat and rye.

You ſee, I have proviſion for many ages, provided my people will but take a little pains to preſerve the wealth I put them in poſſeſſion of.

As it will only coſt me a ſtroke with my rod, I will order their cottages to be built, to be ready for their future reception.

They are all of cedar-trees, covered with palm-leaves, ſpacious, of the ſame figure,

figure, without ornaments, and at equal diſtance one from the other through all the habitable part of my iſland, which for the greateſt part is a flat country. Now I have had about ſixty thouſand of them built; if hereafter we want more, or if the old buildings decay, my iſlanders may provide themſelves new ones.—

All this is ſoon ſaid;—but for this purpoſe they will want axes and ſaws; for by their teeth they will hardly form beams and planks out of their trees; and to get axes and ſaws, they ought to have iron-mines, founderies, and forges; and to get them, they muſt—The deuce take it what muſt they have? That would ruin my whole republick. They ſhall live in clay-cottages!———But that would be too unclean, and my people muſt not be dirty;—then in caves and grottos;—for this purpoſe we have not ſufficient rocks in my iſland, even if they were all

cut into grottos; and for certain reaſons I cannot permit them at all to build towns.——I know not, what to do?—the only way, that is left me, is to provide them at once with axes, hatches and ſaws, and to take care, that every twenty years a ſhip laden with ſuch utenſils may be ſhipwrecked at their coaſts.

V.

NOW it is time to introduce my colony into their new habitations.

By the virtue of my magic rod I have made them ſlumber away the firſt eighteen years of their life; and now they awaken all at once, lads and laſſes, with the full growth, ſtrength and bloom of eighteen, ripe for each ſoft ſentiment of their exiſtence, and for the ſmall compaſs of

of their agreeable occupations, to which nature has limited their activity.—

O Cupid, and thou, O ſmiling Venus, all multiplying divinities!—I addreſs myſelf to you in favour of my children! Now it is your buſineſs, to unfold the ſweet and powerful inſtinct, which, when I bring them together, will beat for the firſt time in their boſoms, and to transform, into love and tender ſentiments, what without your aſſiſtance would be only a play of the fibres.

Don't fancy, that I am conjuring here *Deum ex Machina.* I want too much the aſſiſtance I demand from thoſe above. It is a matter of no ſmall importance, to make a hundred and thirty thouſand people happy at this age. While the whole queſtion was confined to their creation, I only wanted the natural *inſtinct*, it ſucceeded ſo much the better; but now ſince they are created, to make

them *happy too*, or rather, as Nature has already taken care of that, to prevent their making themſelves miſerable by ignorance and inexperience,—this is the point!

I wiſh, my magic might extend ſo far as to furniſh me with a way different from the ordinary one of *preſerving their lives and their ſpecies*. For, conſidering things without prejudice, we ſhall find, that the neceſſity of meat and drink, and a certain other want, which ariſes after having ſufficiently eat and drunk,—are the real ſources of the greateſt evils among mankind. Long before fair *Helen*, an affair which I don't chooſe to call by its own name, gave occaſion to a thouſand pernicious diſorders.—And what a number of ſelfiſh and rapacious vices ſhould we get quit of, could we live by air and ſun-ſhine alone?

But

But this cannot be altered! My poor wards! all my good intentions can here be of no uſe; you muſt provide for the neceſſities of your lives, and for the preſervation of your ſpecies in the ſame way with the other inhabitants of the earth! All I can do for your advantage is, to aſk Nature, how ſhe would have you do both the one and the other. For I am not impudent enough to believe my knowledge ſuperior to that of Nature herſelf.

Let us only begin with *matching* them; It is indeed the moſt important point, for at this moment my boys and girls are all ſitting under trees, and diſperſed far from their habitations through the whole iſland, and are entertained by the miniſtry of my familiar ſpirits, with a frugal repaſt of rice and wheat, which ſhall be henceforth their uſual food. From table they will riſe to dance,—

and at this moment this point of legiſlation ought to be ſettled.

Plato believes the *community of women* the moſt infallible means to make them harmleſs. This may do in his republick, which is purely ideal!—In mine, where all things are to be done naturally, this method would not do at all. The population of my iſland would ſuffer by it; our children would look upon every man as their father, and find him no where, becauſe any other might be ſo as well as this or any other. Love, which Nature, as it ſeems to me, deſigned to make the ſource of our happineſs, would be degraded into mere neceſſities and animal inſtinct;—In ſhort, I don't conceive, how by this inſtitution my children could be ſo happy as I fain would make them.

"But," ſays *Plato*, "by what other "means will you prevent the innumera-"ble diſorders, to which by the introduc-

" duction of property betwixt the two
" ſexes thou openeſt a thouſand doors?
" —and doeſt thou not ſee, that ſeparat-
" ing thy coloniſts into ſmall families,
" thy ſtate is divided into innumerable
" particular ſocieties, each of which has
" a nearer intereſt, than the common
" one?"——

I ſee it, divine Plato,—as well *as I ſee*, that thou preventeſt all this confuſion which thou fancieſt ſo terrible, only by changing the names of things, and bringeſt in thy republick order out of the utmoſt confuſion;—and as well *as I ſee*, that to promote the common intereſt of thy ideal ſtate, thou annihilateſt all thoſe feelings, by which the common good becomes intereſting to each individual, or to ſay it in one word, by which a common intereſt can be imagined.——

It is not my fault, that Nature has left in man ſo many openings and chaſms, through

through which error and corruption can creep in.

But with all this I will be made a prieſt of Mother Berecynthia, if the ſame odd affair I told you of, does not make in my iſland a thouſand times leſs miſchief, than in all your iſlands, demi-iſlands and continents put together.

I have about ſixty thouſand lads, and ten thouſand laſſes more than lads,—whom I certainly will not conſecrate to Diana!—What? ſhould I leave ten thouſand handſome, ſound laſſes, filled with the beſt blood, to lie fallow?——Not a ſingle one, as ſure as I am Diogenes the ſon of my mother!

Now there is no other means, but either to get made for theſe ten thouſand girls ten thouſand more youths;—and that is not at preſent convenient for me; or to diſtribute them among ſixty thouſand, and that would be againſt my Anti-Platoniſm;—or—

Did

Did I not ſay ſo?—They have ſoon tired themſelves with dancing; couple by couple, or three by three, like the Graces they are crept into the pleaſant groves, which I have interlaced like wreaths among their habitations.—Now I ſave myſelf the trouble of finding expedients! Cupid and his mother would laugh at me, and things would not go a whit better, or worſe, than they would have them. I chooſe rather to comply willingly!——

Thus, ye ſweet Gods of love, let all be left to your influence! To-night, at this feaſt of the conſecration of my republick, make as many alliances, as you pleaſe, and as you can. Neither blind chance, nor foreign command, to which the heart ſeldom ſubmits, ſhall make marriages among my wards. I renounce now and for ever all arbitrary power, which

which under what pretext ſoever I might believe myſelf intitled to uſurp over them. Cupid alone has the right of governing their hearts.——I believe, he will not forget my ten thouſand girls. If he can perſuade ten thouſand of her ſiſters to a peaceable communion with as many lads, who dares to make any objection againſt it?—"But will the other fifty thouſand lads not grow jealous?"—No, provided each loves his miſtreſs as much as I once loved my Glycerion. ——"But if that ſhould not happen?" They muſt ſhift for themſelves! I cannot provide for every thing.

VI.

O THAT your kings and princes could but conceive the felicity of making happy a multitude of people! In

my whole life nothing has given me ſo perfect a ſatisfaction, as the idea of having made happy, *at leaſt for one night*, a hundred and thirty thouſand young and lovely creatures.

My marriage-act is now ſettled; I hope to ſee my iſland within the time of twenty years pretty well peopled.

Is there ſuch a thing as eternal love? I don't know. This is certain, that it would be a raſh deed to *ſwear* to one another an everlaſting paſſion, however people may be inclined to it at the age of ſixteen. But *to be obliged* to ſwear eternal conſtancy,—no, my children, I will not furniſh you occaſion of being the ſooner tired of one another.

He who ſhall be ſcandalized at the liberty, which I grant my iſlanders, muſt be uſed, I believe, to meaſure the world by the ſemi-diameter of the circle he draws round about himſelf and the

place,

place, where he is of ſome importance, perhaps for the diſtance of a mile or two. Nothing is more ſtupid, than to find every thing ridiculous or ſcandalous, that happens to be otherwiſe than we conceive. The difference however is indeed this only one, that you take yourſelves the liberty I grant willingly to my ſubjects; becauſe I don't like to give a great many laws only for the ſake of diſpenſation.

I don't ſee, why marriages in my iſland ſhould not be of long duration. Ambition, intereſt, incompatibility of ſentiments, mortal enmity, impotence, and whatever may be the other names of the cauſes of your divorces, find no room among us.——I permit however my people, in certain circumſtances, to make an exchange, provided it be done with the conſent of both parties concerned.

They, who without any exchange have lived together forty years, are publickly crowned with a garland of jeſſamine and myrtle, and obtain by it the privilege of ſitting with this garland in the upper places at all feaſts, and of being the firſt, who in the publick aſſemblies give their opinion.

A beauty—(for, ugly women are not at all to be found in my iſland) who can be convicted of having favoured two lovers at once, is condemned for the time of three months to appear at all feaſts and publick diverſions in pointed ſhoes of ſix inches high, and with a pompoon of goat's hair upon her head eighteen inches high;—a puniſhment, which in the eyes of my female iſlanders is ſo terrible, that upon the whole earth there are —no creatures *more prudent* than themſelves.

Be-

Beſides it is not permitted in my iſland to interfere with other people's love-affairs. He or ſhe, who ſhould take it into his or her head to follow a tender couple into a grot, or to tell another man, that they have ſeen his wife ſitting with another man behind a roſe-tree,—is without the leaſt mercy put into a boat, and by a good gale from landwards with many compliments to the Tritons and Nereids, ſent into the ocean. One ſuch malevolent being would alone be ſufficient to ſow the ſeed of diſcord throughout my whole iſland.

You may object, that in ſuch circumſtances it would be impoſſible ever to convict a beauty of having favoured two lovers at the ſame time.—Difficult it is, but not impoſſible. For it would have been impoſſible in the above-mentioned law, not to except the huſband or the wife, as either might happen to be moſt nearly

nearly concerned to keep watch in this caſe. Suppoſe I diſcovered my wife looking for ſolitude with a ſtranger, (provided I ſhould prove unpolite enough to ſurpriſe them) it is not only permitted me, to make her undergo the puniſhment of the pointed ſhoes and the pyramid of goats-hair, but I am intitled too, to force her lover, provided I like bartering, to exchange his wife with mine.

In the mean time I am aſſured by my familiar ſpirits, who poſſeſs the talent of calculating the events of the moral world for ſome centuries, as exactly as our aſtronomers do the eclipſes,—that in the firſt five and twenty years of my republick this caſe will happen only five or ſix times, which, I think, is five or ſix thouſand times leſs, than might happen in the ſpace of a ſingle month in any other ſtate, upon ſuppoſition of a like number of inhabitants.

Cupid, for whom in every other reſpect I have all the veneration I owe him, will pardon me, if I affirm, that he naturally is an arch-rogue, whom it is impoſſible abſolutely to prevent committing a little knavery now and then. I cannot reform him,—and defy all law-givers and moraliſts to change him.

What remains then, but to cut off his wings;—and if you reſolve upon that ſtep, you might as well cut off every thing elſe, that is capable of being cut off,—or to make *prudence* one of the cardinal virtues of my people; and it is indeed ſo, in whatever place and circumſtances you may live.

I have baniſhed the word *jealouſy* out of the three hundred and ſixty-five words, which compoſe the language of my iſland. —Am I to blame for it?

VII.

VII.

ROUND about each habitation of my new colony I have planted a grove of fruitful trees, laid out a ſmall garden, and a field for rice, and have made a little plantation of cotton-trees.

Each ſmall family has ample room for cultivation; the more its number increaſes, the more hands are found for labour.

The men plough their fields, and till their gardens, or fiſh, or hunt in the common foreſts; boys and girls during the age of innocence, keep and feed the flocks; the wives are occupied in the domeſtic œconomy; they attend the garden; they prepare the meals, and their cotton receives under their lovely hands all thoſe multifarious forms, by which

it becomes fit to compenſate the want of all Indian and Perſian manufactures.

With all theſe labours,—which are no more than are neceſſary for my people to eat with better appetite and to ſleep the ſweeter,—there is time enough left them for thoſe diverſions, in which conſiſts properly the enjoyment of life.

To the father is left time enough to play with his ſons, and in playing to teach them, how to manage the bow, or how to earn their breakfaſt by throwing the dart; whilſt the young girls learn from their beautiful mothers to imitate the ſong of the nightingale, or to accompany on the cittern the lays of ſome poetic ſhepherd.

In the evening neighbouring families meet under the trees in ſome agreeable ſcene. Muſic and ſimple ſports ſhorten the ſocial hours; they look at the plays

of

of their children, and recall to their mind the dream of their own infancy.

I confeſs, I am a great friend of idleneſs and diverſions: labour is a medium to the end of our exiſtence, but it is not the end itſelf.

——My dear wards! when I diſcount the time you ſpend in ſleep, you have at beſt but forty or fifty ſolar years, to live.—Should I not employ all my endeavours to make you rejoice in your exiſtence?

The day of the foundation of my republick, the firſt day of each ſeaſon and month, the harveſt and vintage are *public feaſts*, in which the ſpirit of univerſal joy breathes through my whole iſland.

Theſe feaſts are the chief means, by which I preſerve concord, ſociety and general benevolence among my people. They are properly the days, by which they meaſure their life. I have lived

thirteen feaſts of roſes, ſays a girl, when ſhe will tell you ſhe is thirteen years old. —On all other days theſe are remembered with pleaſure, and in the expectation of which they encourage one another. Wives and maids work the more diligently, that at the next feaſt they may appear in the neater apparel, and the men endeavour to lay in ſufficient proviſion to make merry with their neighbours as well as they can in their ſimple way of living.

In general I dare affirm, that in the whole world there will ſcarcely be found a land, where people enjoy in a higher degree the happineſs of lying under a tree, and repoſing from idleneſs,—or where on holy days joy might be more ſociable, more ſympathetic, more general, and, above all, more innocent and modeſt, than in my iſland. My people are a good-natured, lively, jovial kind of creatures,

tures, who rejoice with one another in their exiſtence, and who have no idea of what a man muſt do to imbitter the life of his neighbour, or why he ſhould do ſo. I have removed every occaſion, that can ſuggeſt ſuch unnatural ideas.

In the perfect perſuaſion, that each ſtep, which removes them from the ſimplicity and contentment of nature, would remove them from happineſs, I have uſed my utmoſt endeavours to render the loſs of this ſimplicity impoſſible to them.

The inventor of a new dance, a new ſong, a new tune is rewarded by the ſatisfaction this invention gives to his playfellows, (ſo my iſlanders call one another). But the inventor of each novelty or innovation, which ſhould aim at a pretended reformation of their way of living, their method of dwelling, eating, ſleeping, dreſſing, working, of their manners, and of their uniformity in all theſe points,

ſhould as a diſturber of conjugal tranquillity, draw upon him the reward of embarking in a boat, and becoming for ever an exile in the ocean.

The *good* and the *fair* flow in one ſmooth line in the midſt of innumerable by-ways, it is naturally uniform ;—when people are once in this direction, every deviation from it is for the worſe, let your philoſophers ſay whatever they pleaſe !

To convince them intirely; ſuppoſe only one young Athenian to arrive in my iſland, and obſerve the revolution, he will bring about in my poor republick in one ſe'nnight.

In a ruſling purple garment, embroidered with ſilver my young beau comes ſwimming along, breathing Arabian oils and eſſences, trimly curled, trimly ſhod, in ſhort, diffuſing his rays like Phœbus Apollo, when the hours open to him the golden

golden gates of the morn.——What exclamations he makes at the ſight of my beauties in their ſimple dreſs of home-ſpun cotton, their hair artleſsly interlaced with flowers, without pendants, without rings, without flowers of parti-coloured gems in their locks!—What exclamations at the entering of their cottages, at their meals, at their feaſts, at their dances! —Ye Gods! how charming theſe girls would be, did but education aſſiſt their happy diſpoſition! What a pity that ſuch lovely creatures ſhould be obliged to lead ſo miſerable a life!—We are happy, young ſtranger.—"Do you call this happineſs?—Poor creatures! I pity your ignorance."—and now he ſets himſelf to emancipate them from this ignorance, on which their happineſs truly depends.

They ſcarcely underſtand him. But what he cannot deſcribe, he ſhews; his ap-

apparel, his jewels, his gold, a whole houſe full of a hundred pretty little trinkets, which he wears about him, and the utility of which they could never have gueſſed at, make an impreſſion; they begin to perceive, that they are ignorant, poor and ſimple.—A thouſand new deſires riſe in their deluded ſouls, and diſturb the tranquil ſlumber of their yet unfolded faculties. My complaiſant ſeducer avails himſelf of the unhappy diſpoſition he has begun to excite in them. He gets a palace built among them; he imparts to them money, arts, ſciences, trade,—he makes them happy for a few days; they look on him as a beneficent Divinity; and what can their gratitude do leſs, than ſurrender themſelves his ſlaves?——

What will be the conſequence of it?

In leſs than ten years my iſland ſwarms with handicrafts-men, artiſts, merchants, na-

navigators, ſtateſmen, prieſts, ſoldiers, judges, advocates, farmers of the public revenues, phyſicians, philoſophers, poets, players, mimicks, juglers, cut-purſes, pimps, bawds, rogues and—beggars—as much as the Iſthmian games themſelves. O the beneficent Athenian! His preſent was the box of Pandora; we delivered to him our liberty, our tranquillity, our careleſs mirth, our happy idleneſs, and he gave us inſtead of them, wants, paſſions, follies, vices, diſeaſes, cares, miſeries, hollow eyes, and fallen cheeks.—What a happy transformation of the republick of Diogenes! His iſland is now, thanks to your arts and ſciences, what all other iſlands are. Q. E. D.

VIII.

YOU have ſeen ſo much of my manner of thinking, that it is almoſt unneceſſary

to

to ſpeak of *the government of my republick.* It is very ſimple; its formation has not coſt me half an hour.

Except the difference, which nature herſelf makes, all my people are equal; —and they charge me to intreat Ariſtotle, not to take it amiſs, that they believe the poſition, "*the ſtronger is the lord of the weaker,*" to be one of the moſt abominable poſitions, which ever came out of the brains of any philoſopher.

The ſtronger is the *natural protector* of the weaker, that is all. His ſtrength does not give him any right, but impoſes upon him one duty more.

By the artleſs country life of my iſlanders, by their few wants, by the precaution I have taken to prevent a too near alliance among them, by the juſt confidence I put in the goodneſs of Nature, and by the few laws I found neceſſary for this reaſon to give them;—I don't conceive,

ceive, why I ſhould apprehend ſo great a degree of corruption among them, that I might be moved to give them at all events an artificial policy.

Your law-givers, with their permiſſion, ſeem to me to reſemble the good honeſt bear, who to fright away a fly ſitting upon the noſe of the ſleeping anchorite his friend, lifted up a ſtone, and in one throw killed both the fly and the anchorite.

If contrary to our beſt expectations any petty diſputes ſhould ariſe within my little nation, or if by wantonneſs, jealouſy, or ill humour ſome body ſhould forget himſelf ſo far as to do to others, what he would not, they ſhould do to him;—it will not be difficult, without judges and advocates, without firſt, ſecond and third inſtances, to ſet matters ſoon right again.

The

The diſpute is commonly of ſo little importance, that with a little patience on one ſide, and with a little reflexion on the other, it can very eaſily be ſettled.

In caſe of neceſſity a couple of neighbours are intreated to be umpires, and each ſubmits without any reſiſtance to their ſentence.

No violences are to be apprehended among ſo good-natured a people as mine, and at all events I am confident, that the ſentiment of the common intereſt will, at the firſt call, arm as many hands, as may be neceſſary to aſſiſt the oppreſſed againſt the oppreſſor.

In general, a nation governed by manners does not want laws, as long as it preſerves its manners. And if my iſlanders have once loſt theirs, then—Heaven aſſiſt them! —Neceſſity will teach them to make laws, as well as Plato and Ariſtotle; but what are laws without manners?

IX.

IX.

AS manners among no people can exiſt without religion, I have not forgotten this article for my nation. I have given them a religion very proper for the uncommon ſimplicity of their conſtitution. It is without vanity, kind, charitable, peaceable, and has, above all, the particular virtue, of being not ſo eaſily worn out, or corrupted as others; and that its very abuſe can be pernicious to ſociety but in a very ſmall degree.

I would with the greateſt pleaſure give more particular accounts of it, were I not for certain reaſons afraid of bringing upon my poor republick all the prieſts of the Gods, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Mercury, Vulcan and Neptune, and of the Goddeſſes, Juno, Cybele, Diana and Minerva,

nerva, without mentioning innumerable Divinities of the ſecond rank and the ſubterraneous ones; a fear the better grounded, as you know, that Diophantes, the prieſt of Jupiter, is none of my friends.———

Solon, a man of ſo great wiſdom, that you have granted him the firſt place among the *ſeven ſages*, *Solon*, the law-giver of Athens, had courage and humour enough in an age which uſually requires the moſt gravity, — — — — — — — — — — — — *.

X.

"AND how long doeſt thou think, Diogenes, the fooliſh thing, which thou calleſt thy republick, may ſubſiſt?"

* Here is, to the great mortification of the publiſher, an *hiatus* in the manuſcript, the ſupplement of which he confeſſes to be above his talents.

——I propoſed this queſtion to Alexander, but I now anſwer it in my own way. It will ſubſiſt, till my iſlanders, whether by the fore-mentioned Athenian, or by ſome other accident become acquainted with all the advantages you have over them. Ignorance, which is among you the greateſt evil, is among my people the baſis of their happineſs.

"But might it then not be poſſible," [you ſay] "to combine wit and taſte, convenience, luxury, abundance, and all the advantages of luxury with order and manners, with univerſal virtue and general happineſs?"——

Nothing eaſier in a ſtate——which, like the republick of Diogenes, is to be a chimæra.

I wiſh, Alexander of Macedon, or the king of Babylon, or the firſt king, that comes into your head, would do me the favour to refute my opinion by an experiment.

riment. Who knows, what in a thouſand or two thouſand years may happen?

This I confeſs, that for a ſpectator, who for inſtance would look down from the moon upon our hemiſphere, the ſight of its ſpeckled figure with its infinite multifarioufneſs of inhabitants with triangular, quadrangular, round and oval heads, with hawked, flat and turned-up noſes, with long or woolly, white, red, and black hair, with white, brown, yellow-brown, olive-coloured or black ſkins, dreſſed in gold or ſilver-ſtuff, ſilk, purple, linen, cotton, wool, goat, bear or ſea-dog's-ſkins, or without cloaths with their aprons about their waſte, or without aprons, in houſes of marble, brick, wood, reeds, clay or cow-dung, with all their different ways of living, manners, barbarity, policy and tyranny, with all their belief in innumerable kinds of benevolent and malevolent gods, with all their

maſks of falſe virtues, and imagery of artificial perfections before their faces; —this ſight, I confeſs it, will be an infinitely more amuſing ſhew for a ſpectator of the moon, [who would neither gain nor loſe by it], than the ſight of ſo uniform a nation as that of my iſlanders.

This imagination might by a ſingle ſtep bring us to the idea of man's being made to ſerve for an amuſement to the wantonneſs of ſome more powerful race of ſpirits;—but this is ſo dejecting, miſanthropic and deteſtable an idea, that I cannot bear one moment to fancy it poſſible.

No body is farther from entertaining a contempt of your arts and ſciences, than myſelf. As ſoon as a nation is come ſo far as to ſtand in need of them, the beſt it can do, is to carry them to the greateſt perfection poſſible. The further you are removed from the original

ſimplicity of nature, the more the machine of your policy is compounded, the more complex your intereſts are, and corrupted your manners,—the more you ſtand in need of philoſophy, to palliate your imperfections, to conciliate your oppoſite intereſts, and to ſupport as well as poſſible your edifice of government continually menacing its own fall.

But on your ſide confeſs too, that this very ſame philoſophy, were its beneficent activity not hindered by an innumerable multitude of contrary cauſes, would by inſenſible degrees bring you back again to that original ſimplicity, from which you have deviated,—or the recovery of health is not the chief aim of the phyſician.

In your preſent ſituation what are your philoſophers doing, except inceſſantly demonſtrating to you, that almoſt upon every ſubject you think wrong, that you

are

are almoſt continually acting wrong, and that in your conſtitution, police, and way of living, almoſt every thing ought to be otherwiſe, than it is?—This is to convince a ſick man of his illneſs,—To recover him again, is the chief point!—But I will lay a wager, that they are as little ſerious in re-eſtabliſhing your health, as you are ſerious in deſiring it. I could give you a good reaſon for my opinion; but people muſt not tell every thing they know.

I hope then, you will, in conſideration, that it is not my fault, if ſnow ſeems to me to be white, not take it amiſs, that it is impoſſible for me to conceive, how people may be happy with ten thouſand wants;—or that it be ſo excellent a thing to have them.

From this conviction alone, as I had it in my power to form my iſlanders according to my own fancy, I thought myſelf obliged

obliged to ſpare them as many wants as poſſible. I ſhould not have ſlept one night quietly, had I deſerved the reproach: "would it not have been better, not to have made them at all, than to have made them unhappy?"

In conſequence of this tenderneſs for my creatures, and to remove from them as far as poſſible all opportunity of diſcloſing their capacity of greater refinement and perfection, I cannot forbear, for their own advantage, one ſtroke more with my magic rod—to render the whole iſland for ever and ever inviſible. All the trouble your navigators will give themſelves to diſcover it, will be in vain. They will never find it.

FINIS.

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